The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XVII.

MEMORIAL NUMBER.

ANGIE LACEY PECK.

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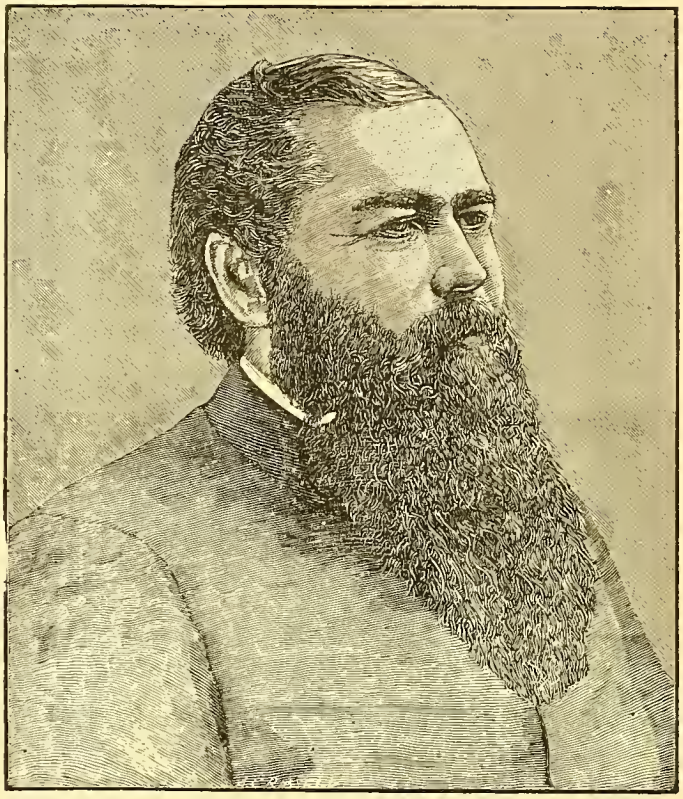

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

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IN MEMORIAM.

ANGIE LACEY PECK.

When the word was brought to Wellesley some weeks ago that one of her daughters had been called away from this world by the will of the all-loving Father, there was much sorrow, for Angie Peck had many friends at Wellesley. Among the students now at the College two classes knew her, and felt that their lives had been richly influenced by hers. They knew her as a leader in the Student's Association, as a member of one of the societies which had come to life again through her influence, and as the honored and beloved president of their Senior class. Very vivid to them now is the memory of a bright June afternoon when they assembled at the court of the Princess Ida, and listened to the words of welcome and helpfulness which she spoke. The picture of the fair young princess in her robe of purple and gold, her face earnest and rich in intellectual promise, is one which they can never forget.

In her Junior year Angie Peck was on the editorial staff of the *Courant*, and her work on that paper showed the thoroughness and care that characterized everything she did.

The PRELUDE hopes, by the following articles, which have been written by those who knew her best, both as a student and as a friend, to make known her personality, and the tenderness, nobility, and beauty of her life.

In Memoriam.

Oh, what delights had we to hold her here,
Most liberal hands would not be shamed to place
Beside the gifts of Death? Her glad New Year
Hath ample grace
All blessing to embrace.

Is learning good? Truth dwells beyond the stars,
Imparadised in beauty. Love is fair?
If fair on earth, where stormy sorrow mars.
How blooms it there,
Within Heaven's halcyon air!

The voyage unventured? While these shallows whelm
Our shore-bound barques, where charts but ill agree
And aspen wills work folly with the helm.
The ocean free
Tides on her argosy.

'Twas life she craved. What frees that harassed fire
From cumbrance of the clay, save Death's defeat
In victory? She hath her heart's desire,
And life is sweet,
Thrilled to diviner heat.

Katharine Lee Bates.

To all those who knew her during her four years in college, Angie Peck's name must either speak of her devotion to scholarly interests, or call freshly to mind, what, indeed, many of us can never forget, the large friendliness which made her sympathy and inspiration so general and so helpful. For two, nay, almost three years of her college life, she gave herself undividedly to study. Beyond a small circle of firm friends she was little known or understood. In those days, she spent her freer hours in a favorite dusky-brown alcove of the library, weaving threads of courage into her life, lifting her mind to high, pure thoughts in communion with the poets and thinkers she loved most. The books she chose for herself did not enter into her daily life more than the courses which the college curriculum prescribed for her. She assimilated the latter with a maturity beyond most undergraduates, modifying, developing her philosophy as she studied her Latin, making definite plans for her future, under the bands which Sophomore History laid upon her. Even then, before Economics became to her the study of all studies, she had a very wide and special interest in political and social questions, which to most of us, lay quite outside the range of our narrower college-bound interests.

Because she was so little known, because she was so much a student, because the scope of her thought was so large, I think we were all surprised to find in our Junior year, that she had warmly at heart all that concerned her class or the college. Class feeling ran high that year. General interests had dwindled. It was then that Angie Peck one day proposed to a few members of her class, that an effort be made to revive the local Greek-letter societies, which had been famous in earlier college days. The result of that proposal is a matter of history. But it may not be equally well known to whom, primarily, many of us owe our very real gratitude for society experience and society ties.

From that notable day, her class grew to recognize in Angie Peck its natural leader. She brought to it an insight born of the years, when, thoughtfully and apart, she had observed the factors in college life. She came to her position with a strength, a purity and a largeness of character, which she had won in the same years of silence. Perhaps more than in all else blessed, she held an ardent belief that there is nothing so needed on earth, that there is nothing on earth so potent, as personal friendliness. She was sensitively conscious that her past had not spoken of this deepest of her convictions. Therefore she seized her opportunity more eagerly when every eye was turned to the new Senior President. It seems incredible, yet happily we know and have seen the truth, that in one short year that president not only won the real friendship of every member of her own class, but that many underclass girls felt that Angie Peck was a beautiful force, which could never die out of their lives.

Her will power was unusual. Her ability to control and direct it a constant wonder to us. What she thoughtfully deemed best to do, she accomplished. Every moment was golden, therefore she discriminated once for all between real and false values, and dared always to speak to the heart of the truth. It was thus that many of those who were proud to be her friends, could feel they had become so for all time in the companionship of two days. It was thus that she dropped seeds of in-

spiration, for which her friends are now doubly grateful, as they pledge themselves to work for the end she desired. In such personal manner she did most for her class. When she spoke to us all, we already knew her voice, and whither she would lead. With growing interest in questions, which vitally concern the life of today, her word to us again and again was to keep abreast of the times; her plea was for intelligent work, co-operating with the best forces in our world.

Her effort and thought for the college, since she left it, were chiefly directed to invigorate scholarship in Wellesley. It is certain that the power she held, through the strong chain of class and college friendships would have been turned to this end. She held as priceless gifts the lessons she had learned within her Alma Mater's halls; gifts which she felt must be sought by every woman, who would be moulded to the fuller day lessons learned of the wise of all ages, lessons learned of experience, of the power of human sympathy and the strength of human friendship. It is well-nigh certain that that which she longed to "tell *all* the girls," in those days when her mind was too dim to finish the message, was "Be of cheerful courage, love, and work!"

This is our heritage, of which we are profoundly glad, whilst our hearts are heavy with a grief which lies beyond all words.

Belle Sherwin, '90.

To write of Angie Peck, as she appeared to underclass girls, would be no easy task at any time, but now it becomes well-nigh impossible for one who calls her friend. A few words must suffice.

During her Junior year I met her rarely. It was a pleasure to hear her converse, because the genuineness of her thought gave her something to say, and she always said it gracefully. But to me, as to others outside her own class, she seem pre-occupied, reserved, and unapproachable. This impression arose partly from her absorption in the intellectual life, and partly from her silent wonder at the mystery of the spiritual life that was being revealed to her.

The new work of her last college year brought a revelation to herself and all who saw her. What, as Senior President, she became to all the college; is only realized by those who felt the influence. Because she felt the primary obligation of truth to one's self, she held herself to the highest personal standard of scholarship and womanhood. She even dared, when necessary, to set aside all other duties, however pressing and perplexing, for the duty arising from her own highest need. It would be far from true to suppose that so conscientious a girl was never puzzled by conflicting demands, but to her the ideal was veritably the real. She grew very clear-sighted as to proportions in those months of wonderful responsibility and privilege, and first of all, she lived her own life fully, richly, joyously. How often she said, "I can't do much, but I can *be* my best. Perhaps 'twill help a little!" And the help will never be measured.

Naturally the waking to the power of full living turned her thought outward to others. No amount of reserve in those days could be attributed to indifference or coldness. Spite of all her work for her class, a work which love and duty made paramount with her, she never forgot those outside, who were to be the Wellesley of the future. Quietly, as acquaintance brought opportunity, she talked with girl after girl in the different classes, of the things so near to her own heart—the possibilities of greater usefulness to our Alma Mater. She seldom realized how much she helped us in this way, knowing only that "she gained facts and inspiration from seeing through others' eyes."

One of the practical results of her thought for the whole college, was the Students' Association of which she was the first President. Her love for that association was in direct proportion to her interest in its work, the promotion of broader, more intelligent thought on questions of student life. In the long talks which preluded the organization of this association, she emphasized two ideas, so characteristic of herself. One was, "Let us be symmetrical women, true to our best in everything. College women cannot *afford* to be one-sided." Again in her growing zeal in all kinds of work, she often reminded herself as she did her friends, "Life is too short for hurry." That message still rings in our ears in our busy days—time is too precious to be marred with imperfect work.

She often lamented that she never touched any but her few intimate friends so closely as to really help them. That she was over-modest in this, the loving tributes of her last few weeks testify. Even to the underclass girls, who seldom met her, Angie Peck was an inspiration as a scholar, a progressive college woman and a sympathetic friend.

Mary Alice Emerson.

Because the last year of Angie Peck's short, beautiful life is the one which I knew, perhaps, better than any other of her college friends, I have promised to write a few of my recollections of her as I knew her then. In college I had known her chiefly as a brilliant student, an almost ideal class president, and a leader of college thought toward all true progress, scarcely at all as a friend till the winter term of our senior year, when Miss Bates' sickness sent her for a while to Wood. There are others who knew her far better then, and I leave it to them to tell of the inspirationw hich her friendship was in college days.

At our first Alumnæ dinner where I sat next her, she told me that she had just learned that she might be in Washington during the next winter as teacher of the Vice-President's daughters. We had chosen the same subjects for our second degrees and our first thoughts were of the work which we could do together. Before we left college the possibility became a probability, and we made plans for the next year. She was far from well during the summer, but hoped that the change in the fall would make her quite well again. And Ellerslie, Mr. Morton's beautiful country place on the Hudson did indeed seem to renew her strength and spirits. Her work, she wrote, was much interrupted, but that would doubtless right itself when the girls came to settle down to their regular winter life in Washington. The change from a life among a host of friends to a life among perfect strangers was a hard one for her, for I think no one ever prized friends more, but she consoled herself with rambles in the country, which she loved, and with her books and letters.

She had two short, happy visits at Wellesley, one to get some points in regard to her work, one during a short vacation while the family were preparing to come to Washington. How full she filled those days with preparations for her second degree work, and with loving, earnest planning for the good of those two organizations which largely owe their life to her, Phi Sigma and the Student's Association, her friends who were at Wellesley then, know.

Early in December she came to Washington, staying for the first week with us, afterwards just across the street, so that we saw her every day. During vacation, when our house was full of Wellesley girls, regular work was impossible. We so far triumphed over the general frivolity, as to attend some meetings of the Historical and Economic Association. At the latter, Prof. Moulton's talk on University Extension aroused all of Angie's enthusiasm. Later in the winter she was much interested in another paper on the same subject.

read by Prof. Adams of Johns Hopkins University before the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and it was one of her cherished plans to prepare herself for that work.

Her present "professional labors," as we called our teaching, were disappointing in many ways. The hoped-for regularity did not arrive. Perhaps it was too much to expect from private teaching under the most favorable circumstances, and there was much sickness to complicate matters. She had so hoped for inspiring, developing work, "professional experience," that, while a less conscientious girl with lower ideals would, doubtless, have found the work easy and pleasant, to her it was a constant and bitter disappointment.

During January and February we were very "industrious." We took German lessons two afternoons in the week, on Saturdays we attended Justice Harlan's lectures on Constitutional Law, and three or four evenings we read and discussed Political Economy and Constitutional History. On Wednesday evenings we "frivoled" and were at home to our friends. When I lapsed from duty, as I frequently did, and "frivoled" at other times, I almost always found that she had been "industrious" in my absence. Even the Sundays were full of readings, in the line of a Comparative Study of Religions, in which she was much interested. Some of our Sunday afternoons were spent with my father as guide and guard in tramping over the beautiful hills about Washington. Her intense love of nature made such walks with her a constant delight.

Toward spring her eyes began to give her a great deal of trouble, and she was often utterly prostrated after her day's work. Her efforts then to work, to be well, not to give up, her hopefulness and energy when she was better, were a part of the strength of purpose, which made her life, short as it was, such a power for good.

When she left for Ellerslie again we realized what a large part of our home life she had become. We remembered her beautiful thoughtfulness and deference toward older people, her perfect unselfishness and sweetness of nature, her gratitude and appreciation of the slightest kindness, and her capacity for drawing out the best in everyone.

The weeks at Ellerslie were lonely, she wrote, she missed the friends, old and new in Washington, she longed for June and Wellesley. She wrote that she was working, and we hoped that the country life had made her better physically, so that it was a great disappointment during the three weeks when I was with her at Wellesley and Nahant, to find how weak she was. During the days and nights at the shore, I think we all felt more strongly than ever before the intense purity and spirituality of her nature, a something in her which was beyond our reach. I saw her last at Wellesley, where we parted expecting to meet in a few weeks at most, but she was too ill to make the visits she had planned.

During the fall she seemed better and wrote most hopefully again, was not going to teach for a while, but was studying, and was full of plans for the class and college. Just ten days before she went away, she sent to Wellesley a thesis for her second degree work. One of the last things she said was: "Tell all the girls." We can fill out the sentence which she was too weak to finish. We know what things she would have told us.

Ethel A. Glover, '90.

Washington, D. C.

CLIPPINGS.

Boston University allows work on the college paper to count as part of a course—for the editor, as four hours a week, for assistants, two hours. —*Ex.*

You ask me to write of the life of Angie Peck, as I knew it. May I rather send to the PRELUDE some verses from one of her last gifts to me, which express better than I can write it now, what she was, and what her life meant to one who had been her constant companion for nearly four years.

When in the first great hour of sleep supreme
I saw my Dearest fair and tranquil lie,
Swift ran through all my soul that wonder-cry;
'How hast thou met and vanquished hate extreme!'
For by thy faint sweet smiling thou didst seem,
Sweet Magnanimity! to half defy,
Half pity those ill things thou hadst put by,
That are the haunters of our life's dim dream.

Thou hadst not slept an hour of that last sleep
When my soul woke to know what it had lost,
And met the shining face of what thou wast,
Whom time can touch no more, nor earth can keep.
Thine eyes with love upfilled, unfathomed deep!
Thy life and mine before me swept:
Mine, dry with selfish need;
Thine, beautiful, a fountain leapt,
Blessing with selfless deed.

I see thee in my heart's profound,
Stand as thou stood'st upon life's open ground,
A mettled tenderness and braced for fray;
I see thee whom no fortune could dismay,
Or make thy soul aught less than sweet and sound.
The storms of life what noble strength shall meet
And grow not stronger for the sharp assault?

If I might seek, and thou bestow, such good,
What once possessed by thee should now be mine?
Thy courage! give me that bright proof of thine,
Arms and defense of thy soft womanhood.
So of thee I still shall learn,
So as with thy sight discern.
Then if on my further way
Thou dost keep an oversway,
Though the earth thy shape forego,
Yet from thee shall influence flow:
And, if from my life proceed
Loving-kindess, generous deed,
Here I own that in so much,
Still the world shall feel thy touch!"

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY ANGIE LACEY PECK.

Our forefathers were Aryans, children of the forest and the mountains, keen of sight, quick of hearing, fertile in imagination. We are still Aryans, and though the smoke and dust and rush and roar of cities have dimmed our eyes and dulled our ears, and though the stern necessities of life have made us rather practical than imaginative, there is an instinct in us still which leads us out sometimes into the forest to try to regain those lost faculties, that we may not be, in time to come, a race blind and deaf to all that is most beautiful in sights and sounds.

We go out into the lonely places of the woods and listen intently to catch the faintest sounds that are borne past us, but we hear only the grossest ones, vaguely conscious all the while that there are many which our blunt senses can not perceive. The wind which comes rushing through the tree-tops sets in motion the oak-leaf and the pine-needle and gives to each its language. But whispers of oak and pine are both alike to me. The withered leaves float downward and no one touches the earth noiselessly: a tiny branch sways beneath the weight of a bird just settling on it: a squirrel drops a nut in surprise at the sight of an intruder: but only the closest attention reveals to us all this.

We try to pry into the secrets of the birds as they are telling of the day's doings and saying their good-nights just after sunset. They chirp and twitter, some complainingly, some gayly, but our senses are not fine enough to enable us to distinguish the notes and learn the burden of each tale.

We put our faces down among the grasses and our ears are filled with the buzz and hum of insect life. Strange little creatures climb the grass blades in a great hurry, and poising themselves upon the bending top, apparently address a listening audience, but alas! alas!

of all that speech which may tell of wonders that we dream not of, we can not catch a single delicate syllable. To our clumsy ears it is only a buzz, buzz.

And so with distant sights and sounds. The stars fall and no sudden whirr conveys the news to us. The planets are always bounding forward on their long journey, but we hear not the faintest echo of that music of the spheres which charmed Pythagoras or that exquisite melody to which some far-a-way ancestor may have listened when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Then, too, it is delightful to wander out on some sunshiny morning, determined to forget all present troubles and be a Greek for one bright day, to feel that quick sympathy with all living things which filled the Greek of old.

The east grows rosy in the early morning: it is the Dawn, Aurora with the morning star upon her forehead opening the gates of day that Phœbus Apollo in his golden chariot may guide his restive horses up the steep slope of the heavens. As he climbs higher all the earth grows bright and the clear eyes of Athenae seem to look down upon it from the deep blue sky.

The brook bubbles over the stones and rushes away in headlong haste. Poor Arethusa, escaping from the arms of a too eager lover! And where, in some shady corner of the woods, the water has come to rest and lies motionless beneath a mossy bank, a delicate flower bends far over its smooth surface, watching the world reflected below. O, Narcissus, are you never tired of looking at that strange landscape beneath you, the blue sky so far below and slender trunks of young trees reaching down to it and birds flitting among the moving leaves? And have you never ceased to love the image of your own fair face though it has been before you now so many centuries?

The woods seem full of invisible presences. A tree rustles its red leaves through which a ray of sunlight shines, turning them to drops of blood and one almost expects to catch a glimpse of a fair form disappearing within the rough grey bark, some unhappy mortal whom Apollo has changed into a speechless Daphne.

A plash in the water and a flutter of white drapery make one peer through the leaves, hoping to see Diana and her train and fearing, too, the fate of Actaeon. Perhaps the sound was the fall of a dry limb into the lake and the flutter of white only the flash of the bleached leaves upturned by a sudden breath of wind to the sun. Perhaps it was something more.

When the Sun God has nearly finished his day's journey and sends his last beams through the yellow foliage, suddenly transforming all the place into the treasurehouse of Midas (the reeds in the swamp near by are still whispering their old secret about the Phrygian king), then fleecy clouds float above the west and we know that Hermes is driving home the flocks of the sky and that Hesperus will soon be with us. In the east appears a cloud-castle, the brazen palace of Æolus, the floating island home of the winds. And when, at last, Phœbus has sunk to rest and the shadows are falling quietly upon hills and waters, then is the wierdest time of the whole day. Then it is that satyrs may be peeping from behind every garled trunk, and every fluttering leaf may contain a message of the sibyl. As the gray mist folds hills and lake in a dim shroud and all things disappear from view and only the sound of the water beating upon the shore is heard, the light figure of Hermes seems to take form in the air. In such a shape he appears when, as all earthly rights are fading, he comes with magic wand to lead the soul to a far-a-way and unknown land.

The stars come out; the constellations appear, those heroes of days gone by, looking down solemnly from their places in the sky upon us their children. Perhaps they are glad to see us thinking their thoughts of long

ago. Perhaps they believe that we would be a wiser, purer, happier race if we thought them oftener.

Wellesley, October 1887.

From an Article on "Defects in the College Training of Women."

The problem before us is the adaptation of education to the needs of the time. If the age wants courage, calmness, repose, such qualities should be developed in the training-school and the university. It is a delusion to believe that any system which would secure to the student the solitude and seclusion of the monastic cell would fit him to battle against the tide of eager, excited life by which he is swept away when once the college gates have closed behind him. The modern world has done with monasticism. The quiet of the cloister is no longer a desirable reality, but a symbol of the peace with which every man must learn to surround himself in the confusion of a stirring, agitated, responsible existence. It is not, then, to be regretted that the college is a busy place: a place in which excitement, hard work, association with many people, are inevitable. To teach the student to preserve in the midst of a crowd the independence of solitude is the task of modern education. There is no reform possible that can relieve us from the necessity of living in an age of steam and lightning. The needful reforms are such as will enable us to live composedly in the electrified atmosphere around and about us.

The first and most obvious means toward this end is the improvement of health. Our American people have never learned the use of holidays. Our national calendar contains but few of them, for we have not yet outgrown the Puritan notion that amusement is folly. As a nation we have never learned to play, and we hold ourselves superior to the homely saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is but natural that the daughters of the nation should share the common belief, and with an air of conscious virtue reply to the suggestion of more exercise that they "really have not time." 'Tis a pity that we cannot see poor scholarship to be the result of too long continued and unconcentrated effort, instead of the intense, steady, but brief application possible only for the "mens sana in corpore sano." 'Tis worse than a pity that we cannot realize the imperative necessity of preparing ourselves, by keeping clear brains, whose decisions will contain no hint of morbid invalidism, for the consideration of the great questions continually presented by life and scholarship.

There is, therefore, in the hands of the students themselves the surest remedy for the evils of our college training. Once let the interest in tennis become more general, the the boat crews do finer work, the gymnasium offer greater attractions; once let active sports such as skating, hare and hounds, steeple-chasing and walking — that is, walking and not listless loitering — make themselves as necessary as sleep, and as enticing as alluring pleasures, and the future of the woman's college is safe. When physical health is assured, there may be cultivated the virtues unattainable without it, cheerfulness, self-control, and the repose produced by the complete concentration of all powers of the being upon the business of the moment.

Again, the development among young women of a sturdy spirit of self-reliance is almost as necessary to the success of the college as their physical improvement. Whatever will teach women to be business-like, to be accurate, to be responsible, and more than that, to bear responsibility easily and naturally without at the same time attempting, Atlas-like, to carry the whole world on their shoulders; whatever will make them fertile in invention,

capable in execution, ready in speech, prompt in action; whatever tends to give them a just appreciation of their own ability and a calm reliance on their own power, must be accepted as a useful factor in education. The entrusting to students of college organizations has done much to bring about this result. The recent establishment in Wellesley of the Greek-letter societies has had the same end in view. The responsibilities of college and class and society work do not permit the student to remain a child, but require her to become a woman.

We believe in the training given at Wellesley. We hold it to be not the only wise method of education, not the one best suited to every type of girlhood, but one certainly, when its defects shall have been remedied, to no a great and successful work for society. From such institutions the future will look for the women mentally, morally and physically strong, who are to fill the age with the spirit of hope and good cheer, without which high achievement in art and philosophy are impossible, and who are to realize the glorious ideal of a bygone age, "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she *smiles at days to come.*"

Wellesley, November, 1889.

From A Thesis on "The Different Ideals of Shelley And Browning."

Shelley held love to be the *summum bonum.* "All things are subject but eternal love," he declares in the Prometheus Unbound; "I said all hope was vain but love," he cries again. He yearned to discover somewhere a soul capable of inspiring a love that should reveal and complete the self, and lift it continually higher. He records his failure in the message to a friend stating his belief that he must in some previous existence, have been in love with an Antigone, whose remembered perfection made all earthly love unsatisfying.

And having failed to find that love which merges the self in another, and brings with it a certainty of personal immortality which no other intellectual or emotional experience can give, Shelley seems to have drifted into the vagueness of a pantheistic creed. Through the exquisite verse of the Adonais there breathes the spirit of ancient Buddhism and modern transcendentalism. Shelley's sweetest comfort in Keat's death is that

"He is made one with Nature," that
"He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. We doth bear
His part while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world."

There had been no soul-experience in this poet's life, deep and intense enough to teach him a passionate belief in personal immortality, and assure him that the pantheism of the past

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

To Browning, as to Shelley, love is the supreme good, the only power by which men can be raised to heaven, or heaven brought down among men. But Shelley found no lasting satisfaction in earthly love because he sought in every human soul a beautiful ideal, and finding instead only the partially realized self, was shocked and repelled. Browning, on the contrary, presents love to us as the adoration of the one for the beautiful possibility that exists in the soul of another. According to Browning, then, there need be no fear of disappointment or disillusion in love, for the lover knows that the loved one has not attained, but is attaining perfection, and that his worship is offered not to the real in which the Self has as yet found its imperfect expression, but to the ideal, which it is striving to embody. The teaching of Browning is, that love, being the

only power by which "the antithesis between I and Thou is reconciled," is the power most potent in the revelation and completion of Self. It may be, sometimes, that love is bestowed upon one who cannot make a return in kind, but

"If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!"

It may be that love and duty are irreconcilable, and that love must await its consummation in another world.

"Duty and love, one broad way, were the best
Who doubts? But one or other was to choose.
I choose the darkling half, and wait the rest
In that new world where light and darkness fuse."

Or love may find its perfect fulfillment in the loss of self in another, and the continual development of both into a loftier unity.

"Teach me, only teach, love,
As I ought,
I will speak thy speech, love,
Think thy thought;

What, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands."

But whether fraught with pain, or denied a present consummation, or perfectly fulfilled, it is ever

"The sole spark of God's life at strife with death."

Shelley's experience of love and life brought him, as we have seen, no assurance of an eternal love, no certainty of an immortal life. Browning, however, has learned the truth of the New Testament promise that to him who loves his fellow-man the love of God shall be made manifest. This is his conclusion,—

"Love, which on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been the sole good of Life in it,
The love ever growing there, spite of the strife in it;
And I shall behold thee, face to face,
O Lord, and in thy light retrace
How in all I loved here, still wast Thou!"

With this solution of the problem which has been so differently treated by these two poets, our century comes to a close. The shining lights of future glory, which Shelley beheld with enraptured eyes, Browning has also gazed upon, but, while Shelley, lost in the mystic fervor of the seer, overlooked the distance that intervenes between the dead level of today, and the lofty summit of what is to come, and entangled in the maze of life, could not thread it, guided by a certain faith in eternal love, Browning, having gained the perfect assurance of the love of God, stands like the herald of an approaching age, the messenger of a new generation whose dearest belief is that to the future all things are possible.

Angie Lacey Peck.

Wellesley, May, 1890.

FROM RECENT LETTERS.

"It is good to grow old. I wonder sometimes how people can regret youth. I am even beginning to wonder how Wordsworth could ever have written the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.' Why should we live our declining years in the light of common day? Why should not the glory of the vision grow upon us until its beauty is too bright to bear, and we close human eyes upon it."

"I do believe that we shall sometime learn to keep our truest lives and loves above the battle of every day."

"To have a definite object for one's life-work, and to make every moment tell toward the attainment of that object, is the most effec-

tive aid to cheerfulness and happiness I have ever found. Do you ever feel that we sometimes forget it is only the beginning of Eternity? That thought convinces me that faithful, earnest work and right living justify the confident hope of obtaining one's heart's desire in the future. And so I think we ought to shrink with fear from any but perfectly true relationships, knowing that to accept anything but the best, under the self-permitted delusion that it is the best, is to deprive ourselves of all possibility of sometime, or perhaps when Time shall be no longer, knowing Truth and Love. We cannot sacrifice for a little temporary and unsatisfactory comfort the future of noble satisfaction that ought to come even here. How easily we might be always at our best if we could live always keeping before our spiritual sight,

> 'Calm visions of unending years
> Beyond this little moment's fears.'"

COLLEGE NOTES.

There will be a concert on Monday, Feb. 1.

Prof. J. B. Denio, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, is expected to preach on Sunday Feb. 7.

As Dr. Gardner who was expected to preach last Sunday could not come, Dr. Wilcox came instead. He preached on Sunday morning on the "Fatherhood of God," taking as his text Luke 11:2, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in Heaven."

President Shafer arrived at the college on last Saturday evening.

Miss Harris, formerly of '94, visited at the college last Sunday.

Some months ago Mrs. Gilbert Colgate and other thoughtful women of Orange, N. J., organized a club of the girls in the hat and box factories. A small cottage was rented as a club house, but it soon became apparent that to insure success a resident interested in the work was needed in the cottage. And in answer to the need Miss Grace Hall, sister of Mrs. Colgate, and Miss Marion Pease of Buffalo, have taken up their residence in the little house, which they have furnished with exquisite simplicity. The work undertaken by the two girls is similar to that of the College Settlement in New York, but the club, which holds its meetings at this house, is entirely self-supporting and has formed the usual classes in dressmaking, cooking, etc., which are found in all working girls clubs. Miss Pease brings rare musical talent to the work, and has organized a large chorus, to which she will be accompanist and instructor.

Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, the father of Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, has been appointed to the Theological Board of the World's Fair.

Zeta Alpha has received some new very handsome books. There is the latest edition of Lowell in ten volumes, William Cleaver Wilkinson's works in four volumes, Pater's in four volumes, and a volume of Hazlitt's essays, one of Lamb's and one of Leigh Hunt's.

Miss Gertrude Chandler visited at Freeman one day last week.

Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting last Saturday evening.

Miss Maud Nias has been very dangerously ill for several weeks past. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery and return to our midst.

Skating now usurps the thoughts of all the girls, bobbing and cramming are forgotten in the fascination of exploring Waban to its most hidden bays, and insulting the crevices which are inaccessible to the ordinary mortal in a boat. Even boys with those evil inventions.

hockies, do not deter the independent and daring spirit of the girls, and those who never wore skates before tempt providence with chairs, using them indiscriminately as a prop, a seat, or a burden, from under which their friends are forced to drag them. A beautiful sight it is to see the rosy faced girls winding in a long procession toward their various abodes, just as the dinner bell rings.

Now the anxious looks and "Busy" signs have passed away dying the death of the outcast and forgotten. We welcome back the old routine, varied by new books and subjects, but we rejoice most to see the happy faces once more.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has been appointed on the Woman's Work Commitee, from Massachusetts, for the World's Fair.

Miss May Cushing, '92, expects to have the good fortune to go to California in March, returning the last of May.

Prof. Currier, who has been detained at home this term by the death of her mother, has returned to college.

Ninety-Four is at present rejoicing in the possession of her new crested writing paper. The paper is cream with the dainty class crest upon each sheet and envelope.

We hear that Smith College has a view to starting a college paper, and that Smith girls are writing to Wellesley girls to know about their paper.

During the past month many new books have been added to our library. A large number of them are German books, and many of them economic and scientific. The following is a list of the books most lately added.

Miss Grace Duncan, '91, spent a few days at the College, during the past week.

The third in the course of entertainments, for the benefit of the Monroe Fund, was given in the Chapel, on Monday evening, January 25. It consisted of a reading from David Copperfield, by Leland T. Powers. The choice of selections was confined to those that bring out the story of Emily and the character of Uriah Heep. Mr. Powers, for the sake of convenience, divided his recitation into four parts. The first consisted of the scene on the beach at Yarmouth, where Steerforth, Heep, David Copperfield, Mr. Peggotty and Ham are introduced. The next part takes us to London, to Mr. Micawber's lodging, where Uriah Heep offers him a clerkship in the office of Wickfield and Heep. Mr. Powers gave us an example of the important manner in which Mr. Micawber conducts himself in his new position, and at the same time, he introduces Miss Trotwood, who has come to consult her solicitor on business. The third part included the scene in Mr. Peggoty's home, where Little Emily's flight is discovered. In the fourth part of the recitation we are carried forward four months, when old fisherman Peggotty, after searching continually for Emily, has at last sunk down exhausted, in front of the old cathedral in London. The exposure of Uriah Heep by his clerk was given in this part, and the reading closed with Emily's return and Ham's death in the great storm on the coast of Yarmouth. Of course the three most striking characters were those of Peggoty, Uriah Heep, and Mr. Micawber. Mr. Power's personation of Uriah Heep was a perfect portrayal of his character as given by Dickens. Mr. Micawber was admirable, his character being, perhaps, the one most enjoyed at the time. The transformations between the characters of Heep and Micawber, are simply wonderful, being at once instantaneous and complete. But Peggotty is *the* character. Mr. Powers himself feels that there is more depth of character in the old fisherman than in any of the others, and as a consequence, he has studied it more deeply, as is evident from his conception of it. The distinct personality of each character, which Mr. Powers maintains, shows the thorough study which he has given to the recitation.

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